CUPID

In Quest of

BEAUTY:

OR,

Venus at *Stratford.*

A

LAMPOON.

By the Author of the *British Apollo.*

LONDON,

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THE PREFACE.

Mounſieur Apollo,

Since your Godſhip *hath been ſo Complaiſant to* Lampoon *in* Private *the* Ladies *at* Ham; *I hope your* Turkiſh Deity *will not take it amiſs, that I make this* Publick acknowledgment *of your* Clandeſtine Rants, *who ſhall always be ready to ſerve you ſo, upon the like Occaſion.*

B. C.

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CUPID

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In Queſt of

Beauty, &c.

NAture while *Tempeſt* liv'd, by her took Aim,
And at her Will cou'd perfect Beauties frame;
But when She died the matchleſs Mould was loſt,
And future labours conſequently croſt;
Till griev'd to ſee her Toils thus fruitleſs prove;
She borrowed *Cupid* from the Queen of Love;
Go feather'd God She cry'd o're *Europe* fly,
Search every *Court* and every *Kingdom* try:
Find; for I ſure have now and then hit right
The moſt engaging Innocent and Bright;
That as a Pattern of her Charms may *Place*,
And Copy thence each finiſh'd Pictures *Face*;
The downy Meſſenger made no Reply,
But proud of this new Errand ſtraight did fly;
At once ſurveys each Scene of Beauties ſway,
And flies from Place to Place the neareſt way;
Years over Years, were now in vain roll'd on,
And *Cupid* far beyond his Charge had gone;
Not *Europe*'s Courts alone, but *Aſia*'s too,
Africk and *VVeſtern* Climes he Travell'd through;

Strange Countries view'd, beyond the Southern main,
And ſearcht with ſtricteſt skill, but ſearcht in vain:
Beauties, 'tis true, He every where could find,
But ſtill *fair Faces* hid a ſordid Mind,
Or Home Spun features noble Souls diſgrac'd;
Some wanted Senſe, ſome Youth, ſome comely Face;
In ſhort no wiſh'd ſucceſs his Travels crown'd
For 'mongſt all theſe no perfect Peice he found:
In vain commiſſioned he the World had paſt,
And ſearcht even *England* through at laſt;
Aſham'd and wearied by ſo long a flight;
On foot he travell'd homewards Day and Night:
And all depending, call'd to beg one dram,
At one Miſs *Hubbards*, near the School at *Ham*:
Uplifted then by Art and Natures aid,
On his Incumbent he the Place Survey'd;
Two new Brick Buildings oppoſite he ſees,
And to he left mov'd on by ſlow degrees;
Where ent'ring he beheld four Virgins Toy,
Who laugh'd and caper'd when they ſaw the Boy:
Pleas'd with their native Gaiety and Air,
And at firſt glance ſuppoſing they were fair;
He fixt his Eye on each with curious View,
When from the Yard or Kitching out there flew,
An Aged Female of a tawny Hew;
Who raves and ſtorms of fury round her flings,
And runs to clip the frighted *Cupid*'s Wings,
The God amaz'd, miſtakes her for a fate,
And eager to eſcape, flies o're the Gate;
Alarm'd the Virgin of the Neigbouring Pile,
Stood laughing at the Window all the while;
But when She ſaw her taurite God take Wing,
Half through the Caſement She attempts to ſpring:
Turn! turn! the diſappointed Lady cries,
And Stamp your gentle Meſſage in my Eyes;

He turn'd at this, but when her Face he ſpied,
He ſhook his curling Locks and ſmiling cry'd,
Your Perſon ſays, your Prayer muſt be denied.
By this time he aſcended at a Gate,
Where Walls and Gardens ſtampt a mark of State:
Here he peep'd in and ſpy'd a midſt the Shade,
A good old Widow, and a mad old Maid:
Egad by the odd Airs of theſe he cries,
They'll never ſerve my turn, and ſo he flies;
Cloſe by a corner of this Garden Wall,
At a blue Houſe he next thought fit to call;
What art thou call'd a zealous Voice from high?
The gentle *God* of *Love* ſaith he am I,
Who up and down in ſearch of Beauty fly:
Begon thou Idle Vagabond crys he,
My holy Houſe ne'er ſhelters ſuch as thee;
What's *Beauty*, *Love*, or *God* himſelf to me?
He curs'd his luck that plagu'd him thus in vain,
And trudg'dd it through the dirty Town again.
Fain would my Hoſteſs there the God recall,
With a good nut brown Toaſt and Pot of Ale,
Sharp as her ſelf, but nothing near ſo ſtale:
Affronted at the other, he began
To tell her roughly She miſtook her Man:
Come out ſaith She, you've too good welcome found,
Know Sirrah I am worth three Thouſand pound:
Cupid, by *Jove*, I care not were you *Mars*,
For I dare bid a Juſtice kiſs mine Arſe;
Next from the old Church Porch he bleſt his ſight,
With a plump Roſie Virgin dreſt in White:
To her the God drew near both bright and gay,
She laugh'd aloud, unwilling much to ſay,
He laugh'd for Company, ſo went his way:
When from the Church he thus had made deſcent
To ſee the new Church-Warden next he went;

A ſhort pale Virgin to the entrance Ran,
Who knew him by his Wings and thus began:
Lord here's a Woman lately dead above,
And We're ſo full there's no room left for Love,
'Tis true I have a Siſter good and mild,
But Love hates death, kiſs me and go my Child:
Good God cries he, death makes ſtrang work with you,
He's at the *Door* and in the *Chamber* too; (you,
At this he would have gone, when out there came
A ſober, tall, thin, black, and mid ag'd Dame,
Ha! Che'd ſaith She, art thou return'd at laſt?
Since thy firſt Viſit Seven long Years are paſt.
Alas! cries he juſt as you are, remain;
Once I miſtook but will not err again:
He's an *Attorney*, Madam, quit your hope,
No Nooſe can hold a *Lawyer*, but a Rope:
Of mighty Vogue there lives a Maiden near
Bright as the Stars, when Starleſs Skies appear,
Fame ſings her Wit unequal'd and alone:
Her Youth and Beauties all Spectators own,
Unborrowed, odd, and new but never known;
Report told *Cupid* here he might ſucceed,
He therefore thither bends with double ſpeed:
But when he came, and the fam'd Darling ſaw,
He skip'd and left her with a ha, ha, ha,
To leave the luckleſs Town was his Intent,
According down to *Stratford*-lane he went:
When honeſt *Betty Clayton* call'd him back,
But ſeeing who it was, a Shaft he drew,
And pierced her fickle Boſom through and through;
Thy ſly vindictive wound poor *Allen* bleſt, (Breaſt;
She frownes no more at Love, but hugs him to her
Dull fool ſaith ſhe, how can'ſt thou ſearch ſo ill?
There is a Cauſeway leads to yonder Mill:
By which if you go back you'll Beauty gain,
Elſe you may travell all *Ham* thro' in vain:

A Directed

Directed thus the puny Archer hies
Along that Road till he the old Gate ſpies:
Betty was warm, ſo *Cupid* would not fail her,
Elſe he had loſt one look on poor Miſs *Tayler*;
But ſhock'd to ſee the Arch, there fix'd he ſtands,
He knew them fair, and fain would break his
But Love no entrance finds in *Abby* Lands: (Bands;
On his left hand he ſees a Style at laſt,
O're that and a ſhort Field or two he paſt;
Not diſtant. far a graceful pile he ſpies,
Which in the Lane that leads to *Plaſtow* lies:
Cloſe by whoſe Walls a new rais'd building ſtands
Of meener bulk, but in one Patrons hands;
Look'd o'er the Gates, no entrance here he fonud,
For maſſy Walls the lofty Pile ſurrounds;
Till happy chance a Caſement open flew,
Which brought a mortal *Angel* to his view;
He ſpread his Wings, and flutt'ring in the Air,
Petition'd entrance for the lovely Fair:
Surpriz'd at his appearance ſhe withdrew,
While gently through the Caſement in he flew:
Her balmy Breath had half perfum'd the Air,
Whoſe grateful Breezes kiſs her ſilken hair:
Her morning Dreſs diſclos'd not over Grace,
And glowing bluſhes fluſh'd her killing Face;
Her Iv'ry Forehead like a cloudleſs Sky,
Darted a beamy Sun from either Eye;
Whoſe gentle rays unskill'd in ſearching harms,
Strove with mild Influence on her other Charms;
Her Roſie Cheeks ſpoke health, her Ruby Lips,
Surround the Bowl where Love his Nectar Sips;
Her half hid Breaſts, as Alpine Mountains grow,
Crown'd with perpetual wreaths of Native Snow;
High from the Plains of her warm boſom riſe,
While by their Neighbourhood to Heav'n her Eyes;

The artleſs Graces of her Shape and Mein,
Pronounc'd her nature Pride and Beauties Queen:
Her Air, her Tread, her looks perfection ſhow,
Raptures and Tranſports, from each motion flow;
But when ſhe ſpeaks——Sorrows themſelves rejoyce,
Heavens tunefull Sphears hang ſweetly on her voice:
Muſick by Art, plain Nature here controuls,
That ſtrikes our Ears, but this diſſolves our Souls:
Her Perſon thus compleatly form'd we find,
Inferiour only to her higher Mind:
And Earth ſeems poliſh'd by the file of heaven:
As if ſom Seraphick Bliſs was given;
Soft as are *Zephyrs* ſighs or *May* born Flowers,
Young as *Aurora*, Soveraign as her ſhowers,
Warm as Loves wiſhes, Chaſt as mountain Snow,
Straight as Loves arrows, Dangerous as his Bow;
Her Thoughts without reſervedneſs Modeſt be,
Gay without pride, without Ill-breeding free;
Wiſe without Age, rare Vertues crown her Mind,
Mild without folly, without raſhneſs kind.
Long gaz'd the God far more ſupriz'd than ſhe,
There mighty Wonders, Beauty, wounded Thee:
He clap'd his Wings at laſt, his Joys to own,
Play'd in her lovely Eyes, and there has fixt his
(Throne.

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